

PROG 473  
7 JUNE 86

IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY

\$1.50 Malaysia  
70c Australia  
70c New Zealand  
85c Mercury  
210g Venus  
66g Mars  
10g Asteroid Belt  
110g Saturn  
2g Pluto  
425g Neptune

**26p**  
EARTH  
MONEY

# 2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

When the RAIN  
COMES....  
PEOPLE  
RUN AND  
HIDE!



-McCarthy 86-



# NERVE CENTRE

## BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

"How" I hear you ask yourselves, "how does The Mighty One do it? What is his secret? Week in, week out, he manages to produce magnificent progs like this one - with its preview of DICEMAN Issue 3 starring *Rogue Trooper*, *The Diceman* and *Torquemada*, plus no less than 7 scroting stories - yet he makes it all look so easy! It's incredible! What experience did he gain in the dark and distant past to prepare himself for his weekly Herculean labours?" It is strange indeed that you should ponder that particular question, Terrans, for this week's edition of my cosmic comic tells the tale of my first venture into thrill-powered publishing...one of the best-kept secrets in the solar system. Now's your chance to find out who put the "aaarghh!" in Tharg!  
SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

## THARG



### THARG HEADROOM

Drawn by Earthlet Andy Nicholls, Croydon. £10 Winner.

### VOTE HERE!

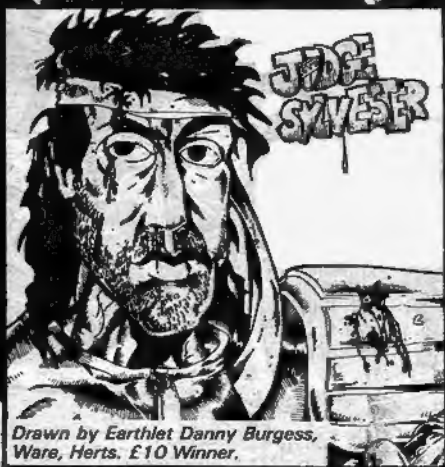
Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2818, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories  
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and  
enclose it with your entry.

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....

I Dislike:

My Age is..... **473**



Drawn by Earthlet Danny Burgess, Ware, Herts. £10 Winner.

### ROGUE TROOPER'S RETURN

Dear Tharg the Mighty,

Will *Rogue Trooper* ever return? Each week I wait, longingly, for the sight of this zarjaz hero, but his blue skin is nowhere to be seen. Please let Rogue be mega-thrilling again. Rogue...I need you!

From Earthlet Jason Cross, Epsom Downs. £5 Winner.

I understand the torment you've been going through. The same obsession struck down a pair of my robots - Mike Collins & Mark Farmer, fresh off the production line - who've been begging for the chance to draw the last of the Genetic Infantrymen in action. You'll be delighted to learn that I have finally agreed...Rogue stars in DICEMAN Issue 3 which happens, by a truly amazing coincidence, to be on sale NOW!

### PAPER HAT WRITER

Hello Tharg,

Whilst flicking through the Titan book *Nemesis II*, I noticed that Mek-Quake bore the maker's name "FORD". However, when I made enquiries at my local showroom I was unable to purchase a Mek-Quake model, but was instead fobbed off with a silly paper hat. Was I mad? I think I am owed an apology, Tharg! Also, when will *Nemesis* return to 2000 AD?

From Earthlet David Thompson, Winchester. £5 Winner.

*Nemesis the Warlock* is programmed to return in Prog 482. If you cannot wait that long, I suggest you ask your local thrill-merchant to reserve you a copy of DICEMAN 3, in which YOU are *Torquemada* - the greatest enemy of *Nemesis* - fighting for your life against all kinds of aliens. Zarjaz!

### DICEMAN 3 : ANDERSON 272

Dear Supernal One,

I presume to address myself to your sublime person, to humbly ask a question: surely a publication of such awesomeness as 2000 AD can no longer be classed as a mere "comic"? No other creation can boast such an enlightened editor, and where else can we find the radiant artwork of masters like Ewins, Gibson and Belardinelli? With your vast intellect, of course, you must have considered all this eons ago. Can it be your galactic modesty that holds you back from crediting 2000 AD as the masterpiece it truly is?

P.S. Does *Judge Anderson* go for 27-year-old balding philosophers? If so, can you send me her 'phone number (or a psychic wavelength on which we could commune)?

From curious Earthlet Adrian Harris, London. £5 Winner.

2000 AD has never been classed as a mere comic...it has always been *the* comic, and I, Tharg the Utterly Brill, don't hesitate to call it a masterpiece - although I am, as you suggest, galactically modest.

P.S. *Anderson's* 'phone number will be printed (in large, easy-to-read type) in Issue 3 of DICEMAN, on sale at a thriller near YOU!

# ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

YOUNG HAMMY BLISH HAS BEEN POSSESSED BY THE DEMON GARGARAX. JUDGE ANDERSON HAS PURSUED HIM INTO THE UNDERCITY. AND BEHIND HER -

UP AHEAD!  
MUST BE THE  
RUINED CHURCH YOU  
SAW, WALTERS

WALTERS...  
WHAT'S WRONG?

IT'S ANDERSON...

I'VE LOST  
CONTACT...  
SHE'S GONE!

THE PSI JUDGE!  
SHE'S CROSSING  
THROUGH!

THE POSSESSED

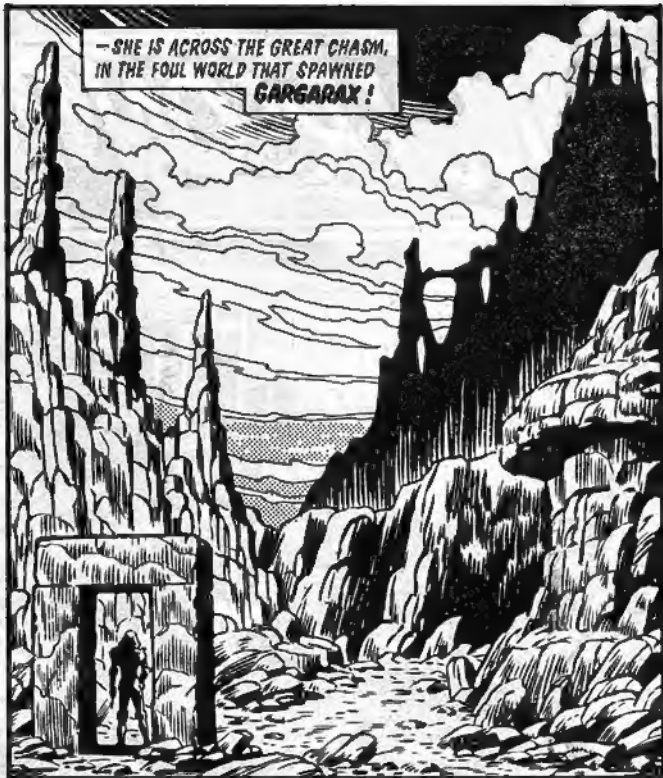


FOR A  
TIMELESS  
MOMENT  
THERE IS  
NOTHING...

AND THEN —



— SHE IS ACROSS THE GREAT CHASM,  
IN THE FOUL WORLD THAT SPAWNED  
**GARGARAX!**



GO AWAY,  
INTERFERING  
BITCH! YOU'RE  
NOT WANTED  
HERE!

AND I'M NOT THAT  
KEEN ON BEIN'  
HERE, BIG MOUTH.  
BUT I'VE GOT A  
JOB TO DO —

THERE!  
**GARGARAX!**

A CREATURE SHE HAS NEVER SEEN,  
YET INSTINCTIVELY THE TELEPATH  
KNOWS IT IS HE — HERE ON HIS  
OWN WORLD ABLE TO ASSUME  
PHYSICAL SHAPE...

HELP! JUDGE!





**BADAAM!  
BADAAM!**



HE'S WOUNDED!  
HE CAN BE  
HURT HERE!

HANG ON, HAMMY!  
I'M COMING!

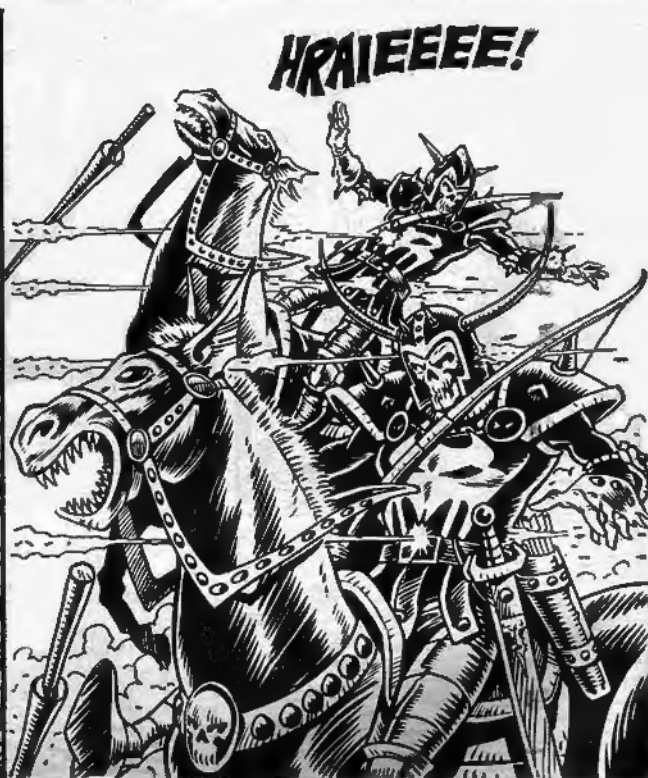
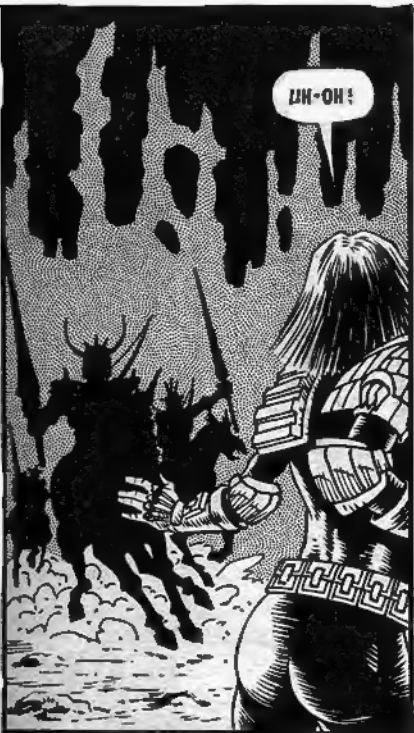


GO BACK!  
YOU CAN DO  
NO GOOD  
HERE!



I'LL BE THE  
JUDGE  
OF THAT!







NEXT PROG. "SHE WILL NEVER RETURN!"



# BAD CITY BLUE

Script: Craig Lipp

Art: Robin Smith

Lettering: Steve Potter

DARKSIDE! LYIN' THERE!  
DONNO HOW LONG.  
HEAD HURTIN' LIKE A  
SNAWED BONE. HURTIN'  
BAD, BRUD!

AN' ME SWEATIN',  
HOT FLUSH COLD  
FLUSH.

SAD THINGS SQUIRMIN'  
ROUND INSIDE MY BRAIN!  
FACES LAUGHIN'—  
SNEERIN'—SHOUTIN'—

"DOOM!" THEY  
SAYIN'! "DOOM,  
BRUD! DOOM  
COMIN'!"

SCAT, YOU  
SCUMMERS!

HOLD  
HIM STEADY,  
TAMIL!

IT'S  
COMING!





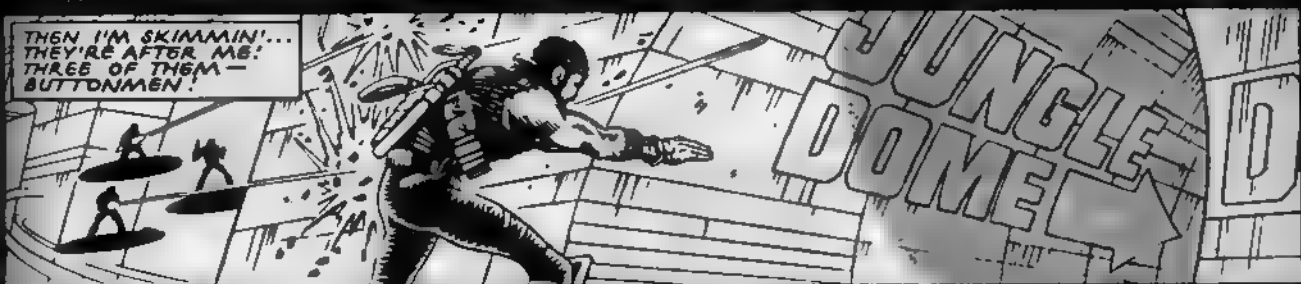




I'M ON THE UPPER LEVELS.  
IT'S ME—SAME TIME,  
'S NOT ME. DOUBLE  
STRANGE.

FOUND SOMETHIN' OUT-  
IMPORTANT! CAN'T  
CAN'T PUT MY BRAIN  
ON IT...

THEN I'M SKIMMIN'...  
THEY'RE AFTER ME:  
THREE OF THEM—  
BUTTONMEN.



THEN NO  
MORE  
MEMORY.  
ALL  
BLACK...  
TILL  
NOW.



MR  
CALLAGHAN!  
STOP!



HE  
BUTTONMAN,  
TOO! GOTTA  
DIS!

I  
SAY  
NO!



SO IT'S  
TRUE! HOW  
LONG I BEEN A  
BUTTONMAN?  
WHAT YEAR  
NOW?

WHY—  
WE'RE IN  
OUR FORTIETH  
ORB.



THUNK!



ORB  
FORTY?  
FIVE ORBS—  
THEY STEAL  
FIVE ORBS  
FROM  
ME!

NEXT  
PAGE

BLUE MURDER?



I, THARG THE INFORMATIVE, HAVE DECIDED THAT THE TIME HAS COME TO REVEAL ONE OF MY MOST CLOSELY GUARDED SECRETS. SO PREPARE FOR THRILL-CIRCUIT OVERLOAD AS I UNFOLD THE STORY OF...

THE MIGHTY ONE  
IT

# 2000BC!

MY FIRST PUBLISHING VENTURE BEGAN MANY YEARS AGO WHEN I WAS A YOUNG AND EAGER BETELGEUSIAN...

BY TAKING THE COMMAND MODULE BACK THROUGH TIME WE CAN GAIN A FEW THOUSAND YEARS HEAD START ON LESGER COMICS.

THE COMPUTERS DESIGNATE THIS CITY AS THE MOST HIGHLY ADVANCED ON PREHISTORIC EARTH.

2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SEMPER PARATI  
F 410  
AME ROBERT  
ERIC BRADBURY  
LETTERING: BOB  
TONY JACOB  
COMPU-731

"ATLANTIS"

EARTHLIFE  
REJOICE!

I, THARG THE  
MUNIFICENT,  
BRING YOU...

THRILLPOWER  
UNLEASHED!

"THE ATLANTEANS WERE AN EVOLUTIONARY  
OFFSHOOT—INTELLIGENT BIPED LIZARDS,  
DESCENDED FROM THE DINOSAURS.

"SOON, THE ELECTROPRESSSES  
WERE BUSY PRINTING THE  
COMIC I HAD CREATED FOR THEM.

"WITH CUSTOMARY AND  
SARDONIC WIT, I NAMED  
MY PUBLICATION 2000BC."

2000BC

OH LOOK, MIXIE!  
ISN'T IT UTTERLY  
SCARY!

OR SCARYING,  
AS THE MIGHTY  
ONE WOULD SAY

THAT'S  
SCARYING  
CITIZEN

"THAT FIRST PROG INTRODUCED THE ATLANTEANS TO MY MEGA-ZARMAZ CHARACTERS..."

"JUDGE ROMERO,  
LIZARD LAWMAN  
OF THE FUTURE!

**"AND ROBUST REPTILE"**

**'STRONTIUM GROC'**

WHEN HE SAID "HAY" HE MEANT "HAY" WHICH  
TRANSLATES ROUGHLY AS, "PRIDE COMES  
BEFORE HAVING ONE'S HEAD GROUND TO  
PULP BETWEEN TWO WARCLUBS."

"AS I DISCOVERED  
TO MY COST ONE  
NIGHT, WHILE  
EXPLORING THE  
SUB-CITY"

WHAT SORT OF GHASTLY CREATURE WOULD CAUSE EVEN SEWER RATS TO FLEE IN DISGUST?

"I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN"

.. AND  
THAT DOESN'T  
EVEN KNOW THEY  
EXIST YET!

HERE!  
LOOK WHAT  
I'VE FOUND  
IN MY  
MOUSE!

THE DICTATORS  
OF ZRAG' ENEMIES  
OF THRILLPOWER!

PITY,  
IT'S STOPPED  
MOVING.

MAYBE  
WE COULD  
TOAST  
IT

**LOOK**

THARG!

HE'S  
ONTO  
UP!

**OW!**  
**RIGELIAN**  
**HOTSHOTS!**

QUICKLY...  
OUCH! TIME-  
HOP BACK TO  
THE TOWER OF  
UTMOST  
NASTINESS!

YOU MAY  
HAVE BEATEN  
US BUT YOU'RE  
STILL TOO  
LATE, THARG!

THE GALAXY'S  
GREATEST COMIC  
IS DOOMED!







...THING  
IS I CAN'T  
BE BOTHERED  
MOVING

ME TOO.  
NEVER MIND...

WE CAN  
ALWAYS DO IT  
TOMORROW

\*SURVIVING PAGES OF 2000 BC  
WERE FOUND BY THE OTHER  
EARTHLETS, THE MAMMALS,  
WHO IN THEIR SIMPLE-MINDED  
FASHION ATTEMPTED TO COPY  
THE WONDROUS WORK OF MY  
ART ROBOTS.



"THEN OF COURSE,  
THERE ARE THE  
PAINTINGS



THUS, ATLANTIS WAS  
DESTROYED AND  
2000 BC WAS LOST

"ALL THAT REMAINS IS  
EARTHLETT PLATO'S FAMOUS  
DESCRIPTION. 'NOW THE  
ISLAND WAS CALLED  
ATLANTIS AND ON IT, BACK  
PROGS WERE AS NUMEROUS  
AS THE LEAVES ON THE TREES



"BUT WITHOUT MY  
GUIDANCE, WELL...  
I THINK THE  
PITIFUL RESULTS  
SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES.

"NO £10  
WINNERS  
THERE"



FOR MY PART,  
I RETURNED HOME  
THE WISER, MORE  
DETERMINED THAN  
EVER TO PRODUCE  
THE GALAXY'S  
GREATEST COMIC.

AND THE  
REST, AS THEY  
SAY, IS  
HISTORY.



BUT THE THRILL-  
SUCKER MENACE IS  
NEVER FAR AWAY!  
NEVER FORGET THAT,  
EARTHLETS, OR YOU  
TOO MAY SUFFER  
THE FATE OF THE  
ATLANTEANS.

BEWARE OF  
IMITATIONS ONLY  
2000 AD IS  
GUARANTEED 100%  
THRILL-SUCKER  
FREE!

SPENDING  
YOUR THRILL!

# YOU ARE ROGUE TROOPER

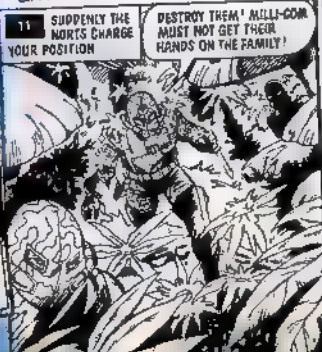


YOU are the legendary Genetic Infantryman, the one-man war machine on the rampage across Nu Earth. Your mission has dumped you in the black heart of Hell-Hunt Jungle, where every decision means the difference between life and death — yours! An army of Norts is on your trail, thirsty for your blood, while up ahead nightmare monsters wait for you to blunder into their gruesome traps! It's the toughest mission you'll ever have, one long and deadly ordeal ... a Killathon!



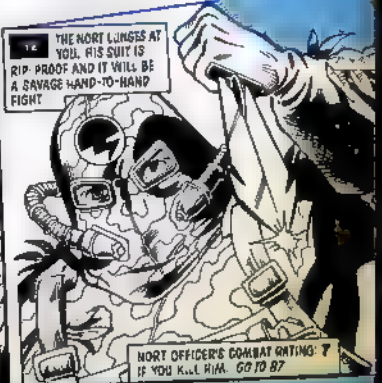
22 YOU REACH A DEEP GORGE, CONNECTED BY A RICKETY ROPE BRIDGE

WILL YOU CROSS BY THE BRIDGE? GO TO 59 OR TRY TO FIND ANOTHER WAY ACROSS? GO TO 51



11 SUPPENLY THE NORTS CHARGE YOUR POSITION

DESTROY THEM! MILLI-COM MUST NOT GET THEIR HANDS ON THE FAMILY!



12 THE NORT LUNGES AT YOU. HIS SUIT IS RIP-PROOF AND IT WILL BE A SAVAGE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT

NORT OFFICER'S COMBAT RATING: 7 IF YOU KILL HIM, GO TO 87

AND IF YOU SOMEHOW SURVIVE HELL-HUNT JUNGLE...



# YOU ARE THE DICE MAN

YOU are Rick Fortune, possessor of the ancient Dice of Destiny which bring you awesome powers — but may yet lead you to an ugly death. Curiosity has brought you to Nazi Germany ... to an occult ceremony involving Heinrich Himmler, his dreaded SS, and 'The Chosen One' — you! Only by solving the riddle of Adolf Hitler's poem can you hope to escape from the forces of evil ... and live to tell the tale of Satan's Night!



# YOU ARE

# TORQUEMADA

## GRAND MASTER of TERMIGHT

YOU are a sadistic psychopath, the man who filled Termight (Earth, thousands of years in the future) with hatred for all aliens — and who personally supervised their collective slaughter in a crusade for purity! Now, though, your arch-enemy Nemesis the Warlock — O foul deviant! — has trapped you in his garden of alien delights. Will you leave it with mind and body intact? Or will you make friends with its repulsive inhabitants, and suffer a fate worse than death . . . will you become impure?



# HERE YOU MAKE THE DECISIONS



... DICEMAN 3 ... D-DAY JUNE 7 ... DICEMAN 3 ... D-DAY JUNE 7 ...

# 3 COMPLETE GAMESTRIPS WHERE **YOU** ARE THE HERO!



**NO BRAINS OR BATTERIES REQUIRED**





# THARG'S FUTURE-

# SHOCKS

TIME ENOUGH  
TO TELL



EXCUSE ME FOR *INTERRUPTING*, BUT DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE THE RIGHT *TIME*?

YEAH, IT'S EXACTLY *TWENTY-FIVE PAST THREE*.

AND TODAY'S FRIDAY THE SEVENTEENTH OF OCTOBER, 1986?

SPOT ON.



AH, WELL IN THAT CASE, I'M FROM THE *FUTURE*.

MY NAME'S HENESSEY, BY THE WAY. THOMAS HENESSEY.

FRANK TRENTON. PLEASSED TO MEET YOU.

2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
JOHN SMITH  
ART ROBOT  
BARRY KITSON  
LETTERING ROBOT  
TONY JACOB  
COMPU 73

WOULD YOU  
LIKE A *DRINK*?  
I'VE ONLY GOT  
SCOTCH...

THANK  
YOU SCOTCH  
WOULD BE  
*FINE*.

SO YOU'RE FROM  
THE FUTURE, ARE  
YOU? IT'S GOOD  
TO SEE THAT  
SHIRTS ARE  
STILL IN  
FASHION,  
ANYWAY.

HAH YES,  
I CAN  
IMAGINE.

WELL...  
WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO TALK  
ABOUT IT?

I STILL HARDLY  
BELIEVE IT I HAD  
A FEW *THEORIES*,  
YOU UNDERSTAND,  
BUT THE ENTIRE  
THING WAS  
BASICALLY AN  
*ACCIDENT*.

OH?

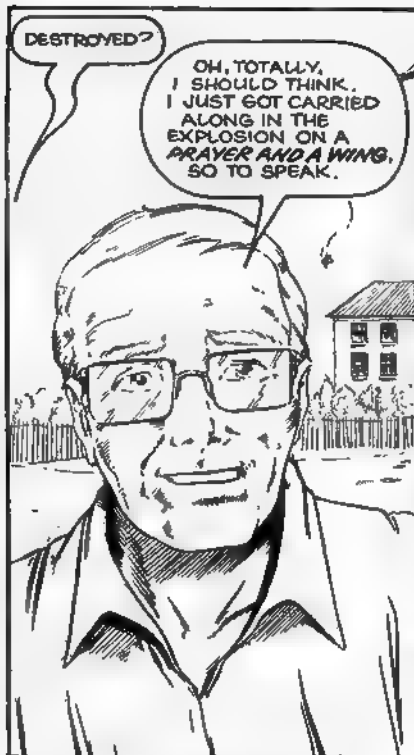
YES, I DIDN'T  
USE A TIME MACHINE  
AT ALL. IT WAS A  
*BOMB* THAT DID  
IT. QUITE A BIG  
BOMB, IN FACT.

UNTESTED?

MMM.

I HAPPENED  
TO BE IN THE BLAST  
AREA, YOU SEE, SO  
AS SOON AS IT  
WENT OFF... *BANG*...  
AND HERE I AM.

I SHOULD  
IMAGINE IT  
HAD QUITE A  
NASTY EFFECT  
ON THE  
PLANET.



DESTROYED?

OH, TOTALLY.  
I JUST GOT CARRIED  
ALONG IN THE  
EXPLOSION ON A  
PRAYER AND A WING,  
SO TO SPEAK.



SANDWICH?

THANK  
YOU, THAT'S  
VERY  
KIND.

JUST OUT  
OF CURIOSITY,  
HOW FAR FROM  
THE FUTURE  
DID YOU  
COME?

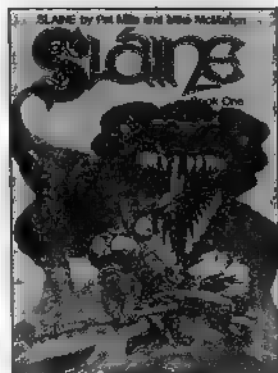


AHH  
ABOUT THREE  
MINUTES AND  
TWELVE SECONDS,  
ALL TOLD.

WE'VE  
JUST GOT  
TIME FOR  
ANOTHER  
DRINK,  
THEN.

ADVERTISEMENT

## WARPED WARRIOR!



The land of the Celts lies in thrall to the Weird Stone magic of the Drune Lords. Into these troubled times is born a new hero - Slaine MacRoth of the Seosair. Slaine Book One features two stories: *Warrior's Dawn*, which tells of Slaine's origin and *Sky Chariots*, in which Slaine and his dwarf companion Ulto encounter sinister Drune Lord Slough Fag. Written by Pat Mills with art by Mike McMahon. Cover by Mike McMahon. 64pp Softcover £5.30 Ind P&P

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P.O. BOX 378  
LONDON E3 4RD, ENGLAND.

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## SATURDAY JUNE 7th

## COMIC MART

CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER, LONDON.



BACK ISSUE 2000 A.D.s, MARVEL etc.

**FREE - DOORS OPEN MID-DAY**

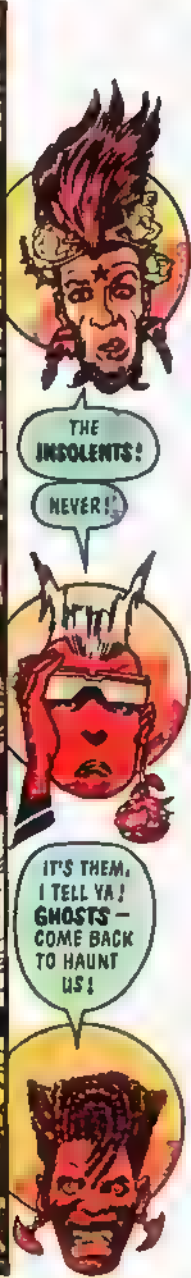


WE'RE ON  
THE ROAD  
AGAIN!

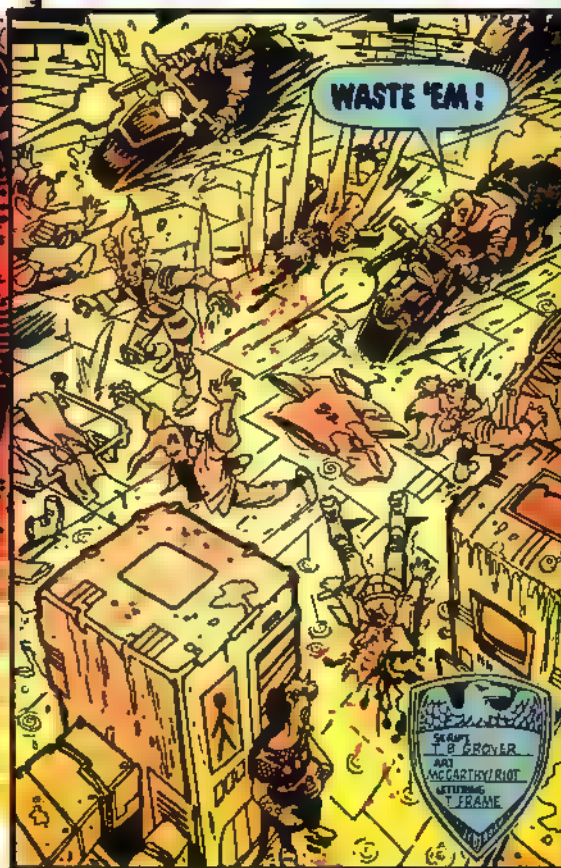
DROKK-  
GHOST RIDERS...



# JUDGE DREDD



# RIDERS ON THE STORM!







DREAD TO CONTROL! GUNFIRE  
COMING FROM DIRECTION OF  
PRESIDENT'S MALL MALL

AM INVESTIGATING!

8-BEHIND  
ME! TH-THE  
INSOLENTS!

STAY HERE

CONTROL! RECKON OUR  
SO-CALLED GHOSTS ARE  
BACK ON THE SPOOK!

YOU GOT ONE ON  
HOLD, GUTTER  
ON THE VIA VER  
SUSPECTED  
LARCENY



LOOKS LIKE  
THE TRENDOGS  
HAVE HAD  
ENOUGH!

THEY'LL HAVE  
ENOUGH  
WHEN THEY'RE  
DEAD!

COUPLE OF LOWLIFES  
HIDING IN THE  
DOORWAY!

I SEE  
'EM!

FIRE!

FAKKA FAKKA!

BIKE  
CANNON!

GHOSTS MY BUTT!  
ROBOTS!

WE GOT A MINOR  
MASSACRE, MOLL MALL!  
MED AND MEAT -  
MAKE IT SHAPPY!



NOT THIS TIME,  
LAUGHING BOY!



M A L L

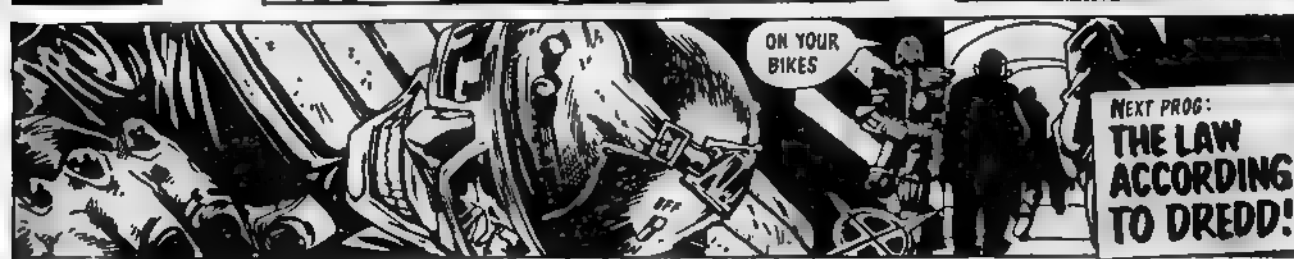
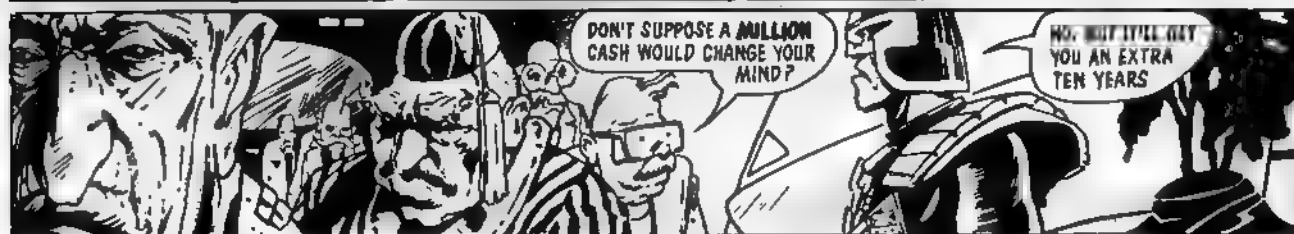
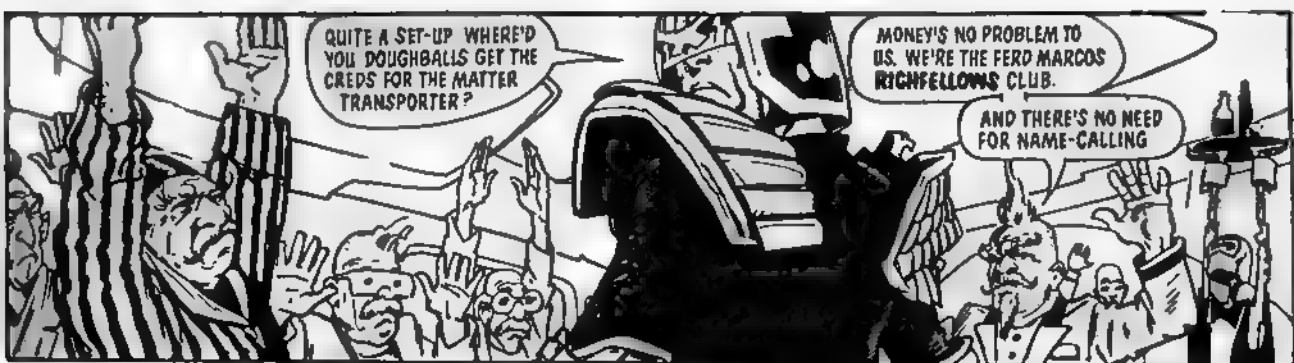


OH DEAR!



RAISE 'EM, CREEPS!  
MOVE AWAY FROM  
THOSE CONTROLS!





# Strontium DOE RAGE

A WEEK OUT FROM NEW BRITAIN ON HER SIX-MONTH GALACTIC CRUISE, THE GIANT SPACELINER LONRHO MAKES AN UN-SCHEDULED STOP —

ALTER  
COURSE,  
NAVIGATOR!  
BEARING  
80-RED-20!



2000 A.D.  
Credit Card:  
NAME: FRANK  
ALAN GRANT  
AME 0001  
C EZQUERRA  
LITERARY GROUP  
K/D ROBSON  
COMPU-73

MEANWHILE, ON SEGREGATED D-DECK

WE'RE  
CHANGING  
COURSE  
SOMETHING'S  
DEFINITELY  
GOING ON!

WHERE YOU  
GOIN', MUTIE?

GET BACK IN  
YOUR BOX AND  
KEEP YOUR NOSE  
OUT OF THIS! NO  
NEED FOR YOU TO  
GET HURT!

A HIJACK!  
THEY'RE AFTER  
THE VIDSTARS—  
GOTTA BE!

WELL,  
LET 'EM.  
NONE OF MY  
BUSINESS.

HIS DEAD PARTNER'S VOICE REVERBERATES ROUND HIS HEAD—

ACH, JOHNNY! IS NOT  
RIGHT! THEY ARE  
PEOPLE IN TROUBLE—  
THEY ARE NEEDING  
HELP!

THEY CAN GET  
IT SOMEPLACE  
ELSE, WULF I'M  
FINISHED BEIN'  
MR NICE GUY.





IN THE PLUSH V.I.P. SUITE, NEWLY-WED VIDSTARS  
ROCK POTATO AND BRIGITTE LA BOMBE—



AW, CUT THE PHONEY FROG  
STUFF, YOU TWO-CRED FLOOZY!  
YOUR FANS MAY NOT KNOW  
THE TRUTH—BUT I DO!

BRIGITTE LA BOMBE—  
HUM! MORE LIKE MORAG  
FLANNERY FROM  
STOKE POGES!







THE MUTANT'S ALPHA EYES BLAZE—





# SOONER

OR

# LATER



SCRIPT  
ART  
LETTERS

MILLIGAN  
MCCARTHY  
FRAME



**THE JOB?** THINKS MICKY SWIFT, AS HIS WOULD-BE EMPLOYERS WHISK HIM OUT OF THE TELEPHONE AND INTO THE STREET OF MANY MADMEN.

THE CITY'S YOURS, MICKY. NOW WE'LL LEAVE YOU TO EXPLORE AND ENJOY IT...

SO WHAT ABOUT THE JOB?

WHEN DO I START EARNING MY FARE BACK TO CAMDEN?

WHEN YOU'VE PASSED THE TEST... BUT MANY DARK FORCES WILL TRY TO DESTROY YOU...

WHAT DARK FORCES?

HE MEANS ALL THE FILTH HE AND HIS LIKE ARE INTO. DON'T TRUST HIM...

SEE, SWIFT. THIS IS WHO WE FIGHT FOR.

THIS MINDLESS WRETCH IS THE RESULT OF WASTE DISPOSAL'S EVIL DUMPING.

I MIGHT BE MINDLESS BUT I'M NOT STUPID...

TELL HIM ABOUT THE ORANGE HICCUP DEATH, SCARAB...

THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE FIGHTING FOR THESE PEOPLE...

OH WE ARE, MICHAEL... BUT THE SNIVELLING LEPERS MUST BE KEPT IN LINE... HAVE FUN!

**NEXT: WHY IS EVERYONE LAUGHING AT ME?**



# A Grim Reaper Scan

